

Steve Lukather, The Real Truth

Blue eyes, black skies and clouds filled with pain
Disguise the emptiness, the disdain
Late calls, long halls with words no one hears
Reveals the loneliness and the years
Like going backward
A revolving door
I don't know which way's out anymore
I can't run from the real truth
And not be living a lie
You can't hide from the fate chasing you
And watch it, from somebody else's eyes
Cold hearts, cruel thoughts can destroy the faith
Just ask the singer who fell from grace
But things change and strange days can turn a point of view
Just time till everyone gets their due
I may not save the world but I'll save myself
Can't depend on somebody else